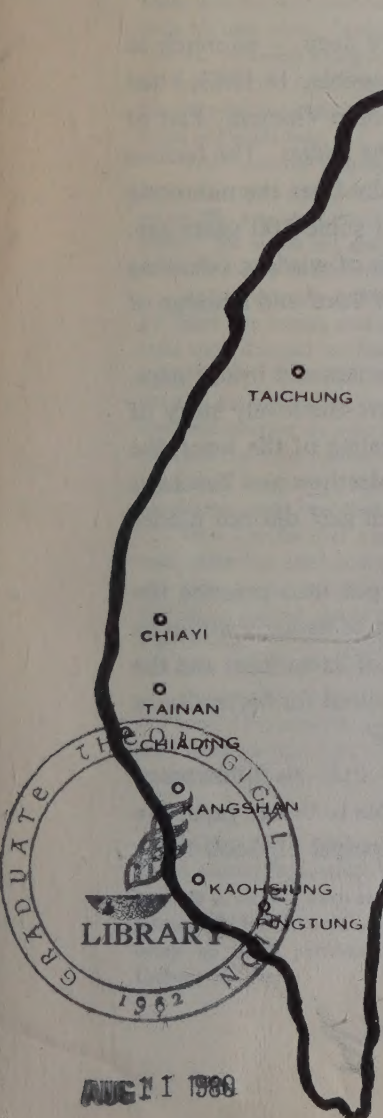


LEVEL  
ONE

# Friendship

SUMMER 1980

友誼



The Kindergarten, St. James' Church, Taichung.

SUMMER 1980



AUG 11 1980



## FROM THE BISHOP

June 1980

Last June, when I was in Corrymeela Community, Ballycastle, Northern Ireland, a poster on the front wall impressed me very much, — “When we can build a bridge, why build a wall”. Amid the many tensions in this disturbed land, this poster shines brightly and gives hope in a seemingly insoluble situation.

A wall separates, and cuts off communication: a bridge connects, and links different places together. Today, there are so many gaps in our human relationships, — the generation gap, the racial gap, the wealth gap, the professional gap, the religious gap. Much needs to be done to bridge them.

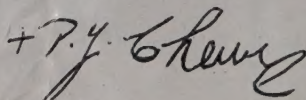
Some of the gaps or valleys between two mountains are very deep, — so much so that physically speaking, bridging them would seem well nigh impossible. In 1943, I had the opportunity to travel by train from Kunming, Yunnan to Hanoi in Vietnam. Part of the railway consists of bridges which are thousands of feet above the gorges. The footing of the bridges is supported by steel structures stretching out diagonally from the mountain slopes. This technique was the ‘brain child’ of a French engineer some 100 years ago. To me the bridge has special significance. It is not only a bridge of wisdom (showing man’s ingenuity in the face of great difficulty) but also a bridge of ‘love’ and a bridge of ‘reconciliation’.

As Christians, we should always be trying to break down barriers and bridge gaps. The Bible gives us many examples. In the Old Testament, we have the lovely story of Ruth: in the New Testament, the conversion of Cornelius, the healing of the leper, the Good Samaritan, spring readily to mind. There are no racial gap. Matthew and Zaccheus were tax-collectors — a class hated by the people — but the ‘social gap’ did not hinder them from heeding the call of Jesus Christ.

From the Gospels we learn that Jesus not only taught but put into practice the bringing of extremes together. He had a long talk with the woman of Samaria whom he met beside Jacob’s well. In so doing, he ignored the Jewish dislike of Samaritans and the low status in which women were held. More than once, he was criticized for his readiness to meet and talk with people society looked upon as ‘not respectable’.

‘Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus’ — Phil. 2:5. As followers of our Lord, we are called to overcome prejudices, and after his example to bridge gaps. We are to be reconcilers, — for reconciliation is at the heart of the gospel of Good News which we proclaim.

Yours in Christ,



P. Y. Cheung



## As I see it — life in Taiwan — by Tom Mitford.

'If you can't find a sponsor for your residence permit, come back at five and we'll see what we can do,' said the policeman in the visa office. 'I will be your sponsor', he told me when I went back. At the Ministry of Education, I asked if there were language courses in which foreigners could enrol. 'We've entered you for the master's Programme in Chinese Literature at National Taiwan University. What's the matter?' 'I'm afraid it's too good'. 'Well try your best anyway', said Mr. Shu. The first course at university was on Sung poetry. 'When I was a young man, we rode out to the Western Hills on horse-back; now my wife must help me to climb the stairs', the old professor recited from his own poem. 'Actually they were not horses, they were donkeys', he told us. Professor Chang had taught at Bloomington. He went out of his way to welcome the foreign students. Professor Ying taught packed classes. I bought a folding chair and carried it to his class. The professor gave me many hours of outside help.



The 'freshman' Chinese course I failed five times. The repetition made the sparkling ancient stories slowly come alive. For years Mrs. Wang my conversation teacher used to coach me. She was distressed at my results and once she sat up till 1 a.m., preparing for my lesson. In the final term, Mr. Hsu shut me in his home for five weeks to complete the thesis. He would not give me a key. We worked away together in the evenings and at weekends he asked students to come to copy out the rough drafts for typing.

In the university hostel, we lived four to a room, quite spacious rooms with a garden outside. One friend's room we called 'the foreign students' activity centre' because he always was glad to talk and talk whenever a Korean class-mate and I dropped in. Our graduate hostel was known as 'the old folks' home'; the other as the 'asylum'. I was so happy there! The biggest student club was the Mountain Club. Every lunch time the members sang songs and sometimes in the evenings we cooked green-bean soup on the lawn. The mountains are so high that even on a clear day we disagreed whether we were looking down on sea or cloud, Edelweiss, gentians, lilies, and primulas grow near the summits and the rivers tumble down through the bamboo, the rhododendrons, and battered firs. 'Is bear good to eat?' I once asked a mountain man. 'Terrific!' he replied and he told me about cats, monkeys, and flying squirrels too. His grandfather might have been a headhunter.

Once I cycled over a pass. A storm broke in the early afternoon and then I careered down the twisting muddy road afraid that night would fall. In the twilight a snake crossed ahead of me. A policeman asked an old man if I could stay in his home. Another time, I was lost on the plains and kept heading roughly south. Where the tracks from the last village petered out in the ricefields and sugar cane, the tracks leading to the next would take over. In Taipei, I was knocked off my bicycle by a motorcyclist carrying wooden tubs of hot rice. The tubs were crushed and the rice spilt. 'That was my fault', I said, 'Never-mind, it was my own rice', he replied.

For one year I taught at Hsinpu College. It is set between the hills and the sea and surrounded by rice terraces and old farms. The students were friendly and generous, and they loved sport. One had a puppy called 'Little Dick' who lived under his bed in the dormitory. Another invited me to his home for the Lantern Festival. After dinner we carried lanterns to the temple yard. The little brother lit rockets and sqibs while the grandmother did P.T.

(Tom was at Rugby and Oxford. His father was Professor of Archaeology at St. Andrews. A great individualist, Tom's ancient 'bone-shaker' (which has passed through many hands) has trundled many miles not only in Taiwan but also in Japan. Tales are still told of his 'exploits' at Hsinpu, where on one occasion, clad only in his pajamas, he managed to lock himself out of his room. Keeping the 'bags' well oiled with honey, he is in great demand as a 'piper' — being no mean performer. One of the most courteous people I know, he is at present teaching at Soo Chow University): Ed.





*CONFIRMATION – at St. James' Church, TAICHUNG, 28th October 1979.*



*Our Lord's People at St. James' Church, Taichung.*



## What we are struggling to do in St. James' Church, Tai Chung.

by the Vicar — Fr. Henry H. Pan.

About seven years ago, I came to St. James' Church, Taichung, in the central part of Taiwan. At the Sunday Services, I saw that there were more Americans than Chinese. After the Vietnam war, the Americans went back home, and the Church was left practically empty.

Had I decided to try and build up a Chinese congregation in one or two years, it would not have been easy. The economic prosperity of this country in recent years has meant that people are getting richer and richer. . . so rich that they seldom think about the real meaning of life. Men and women are throwing themselves into the industrialization of the country. What can the Church do for them? I realised that to take care of the children left behind by mothers busy at work, — was the best approach.

For the survival of the Church, I decided to use all my best efforts to make the kindergarten grow first. This was not too difficult. Now we have over 400 children looked after by a staff of 22. Both staff and children go in and out of the Church every day.

The second step was to convert the teachers into Christianity. This was a very hard job. It took me years of prayer, care, and love, to make them see even a vague shadow of Christ.

Thank God, we have now quite a number of teachers baptized and confirmed. They have become real Episcopalians. They teach Bible stories, say prayers with the kindergarten children during the week, whilst on Sundays, they teach at the morning Sunday School. They are a great help to the Church.

Our next step is to get our teachers to pass out the message of our Lord Jesus Christ to the parents of our kindergarten children. For this step we really need your prayers. . . for it will not be easy. The parents are — in these economically prosperous days of our country — too absorbed in their worldly life. They are willing to befriend our teachers and at times send them nice gifts. This is all because they want us to take good care of their children. They don't however have the time or inclination to accept the Saviour of their life, Jesus Christ the Lord. We will pray continuously -and God helping our every effort -, will see what we can do.

(*Eve Haslup* writes -"We (Allen, -her husband, is working as a doctor at the local Presbyterian Hospital there) are enjoying our Church life at St. James. I think the Church is beginning to grow. Four kindergarten teachers and a baby boy have been baptized. The baby's mother was confirmed and his father was already a member. We enjoyed meeting the Bishop and his wife; -they seem like lovely people).

## As I see it — Life in Taiwan — by Alison Titley



I was born in Sierra Leone, West Africa, where my father worked as a marine officer. When I was two my parents bought a cottage in England, and though not often there, that was always 'home' to my two brothers and I. Leading a life half overseas and half in England, my parents felt it important to give us a 'home', and I am grateful for that.

My brothers and I went to boarding school in England from the age of eight. (I was at Ellerslie — an Anglican School in Malvern). We did quite well, but we were sorry for the often long separations from our father. At school my favourite subjects were French and Spanish. Maybe living in Africa had given me an interest in other countries. Mainly through my mother, I also developed an interest in dressmaking, embroidery, Knitting, and cooking.

In England I was considered rather old fashioned with such interests, but the Chinese re-action is completely different — I would make the perfect wife! On finishing school, I decided to go to University, but rather than read a subject I had already studied for several years, I decided to branch into something new. And so, much to everyone's surprise, I went to Durham University to read Chinese for three years. I found much of the course fascinating, but also hard work translating obscure texts and memorizing characters. I was impatient to get away from books and put into practice what I had learnt.

It was at Durham that I first committed my life to Christ, and I remember feeling slightly nervous when someone said, "I wonder how God will use your Chinese". I decided to follow up the course with a two year spell as a valunteer for the Church Missionary Society in Taiwan. But first I worked for nine months in a Christian Probation Hostel which was a terrifying but rewarding experience.

I came to Taiwan in August, 1979, to teach English at St. John's and St. Mary's Junior College of Technology — a college of over 2,000 boys and 16 girls! It is in a beautiful position by the sea and surrounded by paddy fields. Although it is a bit out of the way, it is good to get away from the pollution of Taipei. I am the only foreigner in school, but I have found students and staff extremely friendly and hospitable. There are times when I feel the need to talk to someone of my own culture, and in this case I found great fellowship and support from members of the Church of the Good Shepherd in Shih Lin.

The day starts at 6 a.m., here with a bell followed by rousing music to get the students up. Breakfast is at 6-30 a.m., and then lessons start at 8.20. Once a week, the whole student body assembles for the national anthem, the raising of the national flag and a moral talk. I have never seen such strong patriotism. The ambition of many students is to 'help their country', and I'm ashamed to tell them I've never thought of 'helping' England. At mid-day there is a 1½ hour break, when the students can be seen either playing basket ball or stretched out on their desks asleep. The first lesson of the afternoon is not generally very lively as they are still in the process of waking up. Lessons end at 5.20 but the first three years still have another two hours of homework to do in the evening.

I enjoy talking with the students, but it is perhaps the teaching that has caused me most problems. I have never taught before and I have to try and adjust to a completely different system with large classes of between 40 — 60 students. However, discipline problems are minimal.

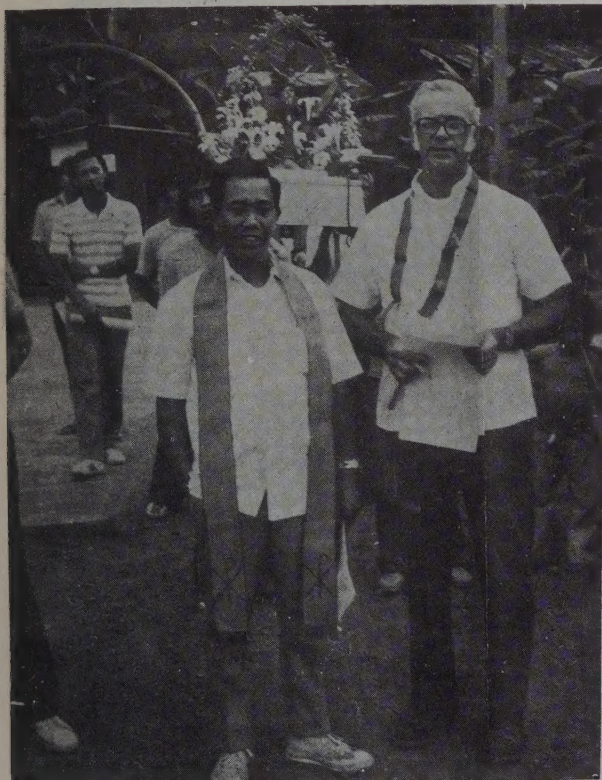
I sometimes wonder what I shall do when I return to England next year. Part of me loves the life abroad and all the new and interesting things one can learn, while the other half longs for a normal, settled life at home. It is exciting to think what the future holds.



**THE CLERGY RETREAT** — was held in Taitung from the 16th to the 19th March. The journey there was a real penance, 5½ hours on the train (very over-crowded) on the newly opened line to Hualien, and 5½ hours by road (very bumpy) to Taitung. We stayed at the Retreat House of the R.C. Bethlehem Fathers (a Swiss Society). They are very good 'hoteliers'. The home-made bread and the home-grown fruits were a delight. Two of the fathers (one had been here for 23 years and the other for over 30) gave outstanding addresses on the practical aspects of spreading the Gospel, and on the Spiritual Life.

In the midst of a very refreshing few days, we were sorry to learn that one of their brethren had been killed in the Zimbabwe Rhodesia election period.

One day I borrowed a Chinese Bible from one of our priests who will retire in a few years' time. It was annotated in 'red' from cover to cover — evidence of one who is faithful to his ordination vow of being diligent in the reading of Holy Scriptures. (Ed.).

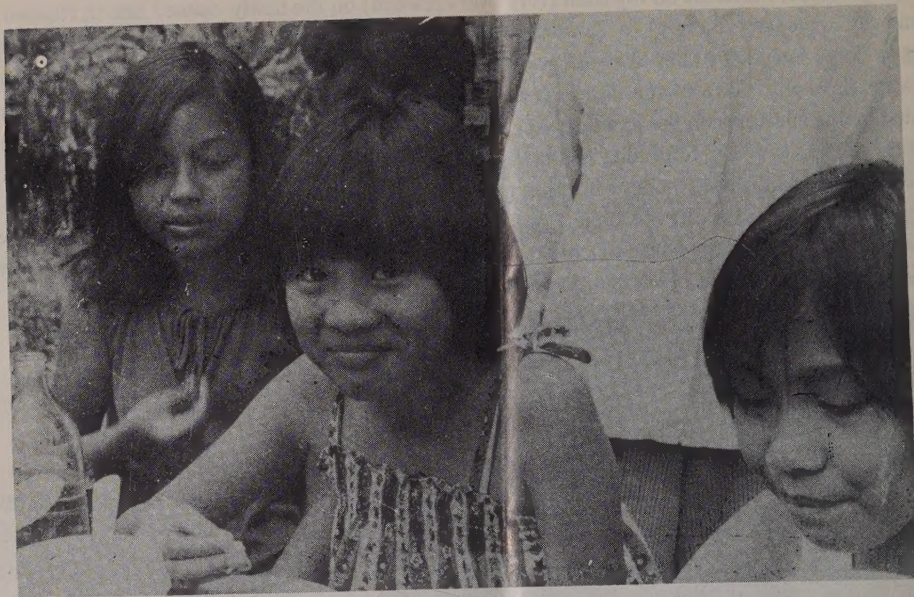


**GOOD FRIDAY** at Acoje Mines in the Philippines. Fr. Anosan (Anglican) — left — & Fr. Moran (R.C.) — right — join together with their congregations in Stations of the Cross.

**OUR NEIGHBOURS** A goodly number of our folk go to the Philippines on holiday — by plane, a mere 1½ hours away. They find a friendly people given to gaiety & hospitality. "We may not have much money but we are very happy and like to share what we have with others". This is reflected in their joyous singing and instrument playing. Life is varied and colourful — as colourful and varied as the over-crowded jeepneys. Bearing such invocations as 'In God we trust' & 'Jesus saves', with amazing wizardry, they negotiate chaotic traffic. The Episcopal Church has 3 Dioceses and is in communion with the Philippine Independent Church, which has many adherents. Cathedral, S. Andrew's Seminary, & S. Luke's Hospital, form a delightful compound in Quezon City. A visit is well worth while.



## THE PHILIPPINES.



*'Happy are they' . . . . . 'makkan' at the school picnic.*



*HARVEST. . . . . gathering corn.*